

KENN LLEY
HAE USE
HARRIERS



Hash 135 - The Mallard, Lyneham, 6th April 2003

I was late, at usual, but drove past the runners only a minute after they had set off - in fact Jeremy almost leapt over my bonnet, but still managed to studiously ignore me, despite Katrina & I waving at him like demented monkeys. Having stretched my athletic and finely-honed limbs, I set off in hot pursuit and soon came across Dave - not wearing his running togs, but emerging from the door of GOM's stretch limo dressed in post-Hash mufti. To quote PG Wodehouse, if the dear chap was not disgruntled, he was certainly far from grunted. When I asked him why he was not running, he informed me in the finest Anglo-Saxon that Paul, pleading an aegrotat for his fiancée, had abandoned his post as Hare at the eleventh hour, and placed the mantle of responsibility for trail-laying upon GOM and himself. Thus it was that they had nobly arisen as the sparrows farted softly in the east, and bedizened the winsome curtilages of Lyneham with Homepride's finest. So a big vote of thanks from runners and walkers alike to Dave & GOM for providing our fortnightly entertainment at such short notice.

Only slightly discombobulated by Dave's command of other-ranks language, I caught up with the walkers on the outskirts of the town, and we spent a happy 5 minutes searching hither and thither for the trail through the housing estate. Eventually we found the elusive blob, and I waved the walkers an affectionate farewell. But I was soon to spend much more time in their company. These poor people, usually accustomed to seeing me puffing my way through their midst as I try vainly to catch up the real runners, were forced to spend another quarter of an hour in my loathsome presence as we tried to find the trail leading from the stream. Being ingenious and experienced Hashers, we managed to find 27 possible trails from the un-scuffed-out circle, most of which were closed by an uncompromising 'T', before an eagle-eyed member managed to spot a dob of flour cunningly disguised as bird poo in a field of young brassica.

Once again I bid my unaccustomed friends farewell - this time for good - as we parted company at the division of longs and shorts. Now, not even the faery horn carried by Laura was there to give me guidance. Many and various cows had scoffed the flour, and I circumnavigated several fields seeking an exit before I wound up on the main road back to Lyneham. Beer beckoned, but t'was only mocking, as the trail led across a glorious and deeply-ploughed field to a benighted and run-down outpost of the farming community. As I stood scratching my head and using some of Dave's inspired language, the man himself appeared gesticulating at the far end of the meadow, concerned that I had died en route.